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TEA AND SUPPER.

*I hate your immense loads of meat; that's country all over. Something nice and a little will do."—GOLDSMITH'S *Essays*.

SUCH was the saying of the exquisite Beau Tibbs; and whether with or without a cautious regard to the scrankiness of his larder, whether from real taste or from economy, there was certainly much propriety in the remark. The more formal the party—the more immense the preparation—the more weighty the load of meat and vessels—just so much less chance is there of that light-hearted hilarity, that social and cordial union, which forms the charm of a miscellaneous party. From a conviction of this, but without any positive knowledge of what does constitute a pleasant meeting, many persons abjure dinner-parties, as liable to all the objections we lately stated against them, and seek for ease and felicity in invitations styled technically *at homes*, which implies tea and supper. No doubt such people are safer here. Tea and supper generally require candles, by which there is always more sociality than under the business-like thing called day-light. This is so much in favour of the hopes of the inviters. Then, tea and supper always implies the drawing-room in the first instance, where there is likely to be a little more ease than in the fixed parallelogram of sitters, which distinguishes the dining-room. This is so much more. *Between* tea and supper, moreover, there is more variety of conversation, more variety of amusement, and a greater chance of the various divisions of the company becoming coherent, and agreeable to each other, than in any part of the penitential solemnity styled a dinner. All these advantages, however, will be in a great measure lost, if a proper attention be not paid to the selection of the guests. A meeting of Blacks and Whites, and *Waters* and *Wrights*, all in pairs, called together for the mere commercial purpose of clearing off so many debts, and unrelieved by any admixture of good talkers and good singers, would freeze the nectar, and poison the ambrosia of the immortal gods.

A dinner-party is generally gone into with one's eyes open: a tea and supper party is often a matter into which one is betrayed. Some day, your wife mentions to you, quite in what Mrs Pringle called an overly way, that she happened to meet her old friend Mrs Nicholson on the street that day, and, not having seen her for a good while, had asked her to come up next Friday night, bringing the Misses Nicholson along with her—just in an easy way. This passes as a very simple matter, and there is no more thought about it for some time. However, meeting a friend or two of your own whom you have not seen for a long while, and recollecting that there is to be somebody with you next Friday at any rate, and that you will therefore be unable to attend to any business that evening, why, you ask your two friends to come too, as it will make little difference whether your guests be three in number or five: besides, as your wife sagely remarks, "these two young gentlemen will be company to the Misses Nicholson." That afternoon you are informed by Mrs B., that, recollecting a particular school acquaintance, whom she had not seen for many years, but who was now spending a few days in town with Mrs Armstrong, she had sent to invite her with the said Mrs Armstrong, and Mrs Armstrong's son and niece, for the same evening. The affair now begins to look serious, and you half think, with Bucklaw, in the *Bride of Lammermuir*, that it will be as well just to make a night of it. Having ultimately resolved upon this course, you set your wits to recollect others whom it would be "as well" to invite on the present occasion, and "so," as Mrs B. remarks, "be done with all parties for the winter." "Since we are

to have so many at any rate," says your truly wise helpmate, "it will be best to make up a good set when we're at it—for, in an evening affair, you know, a few more does not make much difference." There is then a hurry-skurry issue of notes to this one and that one, whom you were not at all thinking of inviting till this opportunity occurred, and who, good souls! would far rather stay at home than thus be dragged at the chariot-wheels of your convenience. Some can come, and some cannot; and, on summing up the acceptances, and finding that one or two more could still be taken in, why, in all probability nothing will please Mrs B. but she will call upon several formerly omitted individuals—the very newest, or the most forgotten of your acquaintance—and ask them in an easy way, "as it is now too late to send notes." Thus, instead of simply having the Nicholsons, in a quiet way, as you first thought, you get packed to the door with a brilliant assemblage, the half of whom are hardly known to either you or your spouse, but are mutually supposed to be each other's acquaintance, and who are no more amalgamable into a friendly composition, than the company at a sale or a picture exhibition.

In such *soirees* as this, the whole affair becomes a painful kind of *solemnity*, rather than what it ought, or is expected to be. Instead of cultivating, as you desired, a better acquaintance with certain persons, and enjoying with them an interchange of ideas and feelings, such as friendship demands, you see them all the while (if you see them at all) in a kind of masquerade. No one appears in his natural character. The manners are stiff and artificial—unirradiated by a single trait or *escape* of real human character. The conversation, from the mutual non-acquaintance of the individuals, is necessarily general, referring to all kinds of hack exhausted subjects, such as the theatres and the picture exhibitions: if any man alludes to a somewhat more extraordinary public amusement which has just come to town, the whole catch at it, like drowning people grasping at straws, and seem to take a sincere interest in it, while, in reality, they are only anxious to relieve the desperate dullness of the scene they are involved in. In fact, a request to snuff the candles is often a relief on such occasions; and if any one can tell about such a thing as Mackenzie's theory of the weather, his neighbours hang upon his blessed lips, like an excited multitude when addressed by a popular orator. One might become quite *distingué* on such occasions by a jest upon a cheese-paring. Any thing—any thing will do—only let some one speak something loud enough to be heard by the rest. How fortunate on such an occasion is the recent occurrence of some great public transaction, even though it be of the nature of a calamity or accident, which may supply a few points of remark to the unhappy assemblage. If you had not had that—so run your thoughts at the end of the evening—you would have had nothing, and the whole affair must have been passed in something little short of absolute silence. From this difficulty of conversation, people often sit for hours at a supper-table, eating and drinking of the very best productions of the earth, and yet all the time inwardly experiencing the most awkward and the most unpleasant sensations. They begin to think themselves trepanned into some ridiculous scrape or dilemma, and see the full force of honest Sancho's wish—that he might be permitted to eat garlic and crusts behind a door, rather than feast in public. But all this is nothing to the attempt usually made to get some one to sing. Horace said, nearly two thousand years ago, that no *private* singer could ever be

got to sing when asked, but that, when not asked, they never give over *—and the same thing is seen in our own day. Often have we seen half an hour spent, in a stiff miscellaneous party, like that we have been describing, before either lady or gentleman could be prevailed upon to waken the awful echoes of such a scene with a song: every one, regularly as asked, becomes suddenly affected by a grievous catarrh, or, as Signor Corri used to call it, "a leetle horse at de trot;" and unless some one can tell upon another, which is not likely in such a collection of strangers, there is no finding out a singer either by physiognomy or phrenology. At last, perhaps, some unhappy young creature in gauze or muslin is badgered out of all resistance, and fairly forced to squeak up some modern sentimental ditty, which she occasionally practises confidently enough to her piano-forte at home, though here she is like to sink into the earth at the very thought of whispering it. Up it goes, however—the most miserable caterwauling that ever was heard. Probably the song implies some passion of no small vehemence, or describes a situation in the highest degree moving. The contrast, then, between the meaning of the words, and the poor, peepy, fainting, tremulous, expressionless voice in which they are given—not to speak of various break-downs in the most emphatic parts of the performance—produces such a depressing effect upon the audience, as surpasses all description. You all feel that you have been instrumental in making a fellow-creature ridiculous, and, if you have any real generosity, execrate yourselves for the very pity which you find yourself called upon to bestow upon her.

Upon such *enjoyments* as these, the wealthy and the easy in circumstances annually expend much money, without giving either themselves or others the least real pleasure—the expenditure being solely dictated by a desire of *showing off*, or of proving their wealth and dignity before certain persons, whose good word may elevate the spenders in the scale of society. The sacred idea of hospitality and social intercourse is thus abused, that the vulgar idea of opulence may be advanced: the most valuable products of nature are brought forward and liberally distributed, not that they may cheer or recreate the individuals called together—whether thrown over the throats or under the feet of these individuals is a matter of indifference: the only object is, that, by *their being used*, something may be argued in favour of the parties bringing them forward. We have often thought that if the money thus expended in regaling those who are already in no need of regalement, were bestowed upon the poor—or if even a fifth part of it were so expended—the condition of the humbler classes of society would be much alleviated, while the giving class would not experience the least decrease of real comfort. At the same time, it might reconcile the poorest man to his condition, to see how much of the wealth he perhaps envies is spent under the influence of an infatuation from which he is exempt, upon feasts which, unlike Mercy, bless neither the giver nor the receiver, and are just a means of rendering a certain number of persons miserable in themselves, and odious to each other, for a certain number of hours. The crust of the labourer carries with it a relish and a blessing which rarely befall costly banquets, and there is often more real joy and social mirth over the humble potato which one embrowned hand will pass to another in the intervals of a grinding toil, than over the most delicious liquors which "respectable people" think

*Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus, inter amicos, Nunquam, rogati, &c.

they may innocently indulge in, while they censure and bewail the infinitely smaller indulgences of the poor. There is a balance of comfort in this, which shows that Providence has more nearly equalised the happiness of various classes of its creatures than is generally imagined.

The improvement which we promised upon this subject must now be attended to. It has been shown, we think, that there is no pleasure in either dinners or later and lighter entertainments, if the object be merely to give meat and drink to certain persons, or to sacrifice money in compliment to them. Some higher moral views must enter into the design. We must have the wish of increasing or keeping alive a kindly intercourse with certain fellow-creatures, whom we hold in esteem, and from whose company we experience advantage. We must aim rather at social intercourse than at either eating or drinking; above all, the idea of flattering or pleasing them by a large expense on their account, must be discarded. If we really desire to see such persons in our house, so as temporarily to form one family with them—for there is the secret of hospitality—we must invite them to such an entertainment as our own family may be supposed to partake of on the better days of the week—or perhaps a little better than even that—but in no case much; and then they will be at their ease with us, will enter into all the familiar converse which gives home its habitual charm, and will afterwards, in their own secret minds, respect us for the moderation of our style of living. It is also necessary, that they should be invited in such parcels as are convenient to us, and agreeable to themselves. Persons of the same order in the world, and, if possible, acquainted a little with each other, but, above all things, likely to take well to each other when they have been made acquainted, ought to be selected. One alien character has often spoiled the best concerted parties; and it is equally unfortunate when the individual is much above, as when he is much below the general level. It may not also be amiss—especially if you are not yourself of a sprightly turn—to have some clever person, who may act as what the Germans call a *sprache sprecher*, or sayer of smart things, and so make up for your own quiescence, and that of other individuals in the company. A man of this kind becomes like a golden string to bind the incoherent members of the association together, and his good offices are too commonly necessary in this sombre island. Music is another means of amusing a miscellaneous party: few are not susceptible of pleasure from this source, and it is in general easily provided. Cards we consider, upon principle, as a vicious means of wasting time, not to speak of other evils which beset them. But as it were vain for us to attempt their expulsion from society, we neither recommend nor forbid them.

By proceeding upon moderate views like the above, we believe that entertainments of various kinds may be given, without producing much discomfort in any quarter, and with the chance of much increasing, for the time, the happiness of all parties. But it is almost vain to legislate upon the subject. Even those who may allow the force of our observations are still likely to be so much under the trammels of custom, that they will go on rendering themselves and others miserable by large showy feasts, merely because it is what society looks for. So long as human nature is liable to appreciate the means above the end, mahogany will be loaded with unenjoyed viands, and men and women reduced below the ordinary standard of cheerfulness, by being obliged to sit around it for a certain length of time, looking with a certain silly arrangement of the facial muscles, and talking (if they talk at all) at a certain degree of smallness and nonsensicality. Evil principles in the hearts of men we could hope to correct; but any thing that bears the sacred impress of custom, although in the most trivial details of life, makes us despair.

NATURAL HISTORY.

QUADRUPEDS.

We come now to treat of the fourth order of quadrupeds, called by Cuvier *Fera*, or animals whose four legs are formed for walking; they have three kinds of teeth, with teats on their abdomen, varying in number, and having a single membranaceous stomach, and short intestines.

The species of this order live chiefly on animal matter, and this more exclusively, as their molar teeth are formed for cutting. The species which have these teeth partly or wholly formed with tubercles on their surface, subsist more or less on vegetable substances; while, on the contrary, those which have sharp points on their upper surface, live chiefly upon insects, and also on the smaller kinds of animals. Their lower jaw is articulated crosswise, and shuts like a hinge, which prevents it from having a horizontal action, the motion being limited to opening and shutting, that is, they cannot grind their food like man, or animals of the horse, cow, and the sheep kind. The predominating sense of the order seems to be smell.

The first family of this order are insectivorous animals, having their fore-feet armed with stout nails; the hind feet have always five claws, and the soles of their feet bearing upon the ground when walking or standing. The fore-feet have also usually five toes, although to this there are some exceptions. The surface of the grinding or molar teeth is always crowned with sharp tubercles; the canine teeth in some of the species are sometimes very long, and at others very short. Their bodies are either covered with hair or prickles.

THE HEDGEHOG inhabits most of the temperate countries of Europe, frequenting hedgerows and thickets. Their usual food is fruit, roots, snails, insects, and flesh; they are also very fond of eggs, and will sometimes enter a hen-house, and drive the hen from her nest, and devour the eggs. That they feed on flesh is denied by some naturalists even to the present day, which we think the more surprising, as Buffon stated this fact. He says, speaking of tame ones, "they ate caterpillars, beetles, and worms, and were also very fond of flesh, which they devoured either boiled or raw." It has now been satisfactorily proved that they prey upon live animals, as Mr Woodcock, surgeon, Bury, Lancashire, found one with a live toad in his mouth, the head and one of the legs of which were consumed: and, in 1819, a labouring man of the name of Copland, on the lands of Terraghty, Dumfriesshire, overheard a sound which led him to believe a hare was in jeopardy from the attack of some unknown enemy; the squeaking, however, soon terminated; and, after searching carefully in all directions, he detected a leveret lying dead by the side of a hedgehog. He had, however, coiled himself into the form of a ball on hearing footsteps advancing. Copland was so enraged at the sight, and being convinced the poor leveret had been burked by the hedgehog, that he instantly despatched him with a hatchet which he had in his hand. Mr Lane, gamekeeper to the Earl of Galloway, mentioned, in 1818, having seen a hedgehog cross a road, carrying on his back six pheasants' eggs, which he had pillaged from a nest hard by.

The hedgehog is not that stupid animal which many suppose it to be, as it has been trained to some curious tricks, and also becomes very domesticated. Mr Sample, of the Angel Inn, at Felton, Northumberland, had a tame hedgehog, which turned a spit as well in every respect as the dogs of that name which have been trained to the occupation.

Plutarch mentions a curious incident of a citizen of Cyzicus, who acquired the reputation of being an astonishing meteorologist. He discovered that a hedgehog generally has its burrow open at various points; and, warned by an instinct of an approaching atmospheric change, he stops up the opening next the quarter from whence the wind is to blow, and thus could predict to a certainty to which quarter the wind would shift.

THE MOLE.—Nature, ever wonderful in the adaptation of her forms to the situation which she intends an animal to fill, has given to the mole a formation which admirably fits it for burrowing, and digging its way under the ground. The bones of the animal are articulated together, so that there are no projections, and the whole are covered by a thick coat of very close-set velvety fur. The fore-feet of the animal are extremely large in proportion to its body, and in the form of the palms of the human hand, being broad and naked, and provided with very large broad nails, concave on the under side, and united to the bones; in place of a thumb, they have a large and strong bone under the skin; the hind-feet are very small, with five slender toes, and a small thumb on the inside. The mole digs with astonishing rapidity, and if surprised while it is out of the earth, it disappears in a few seconds.

Moles are very savage in their nature, and will attack animals much larger than themselves. An experiment was tried to ascertain the courage of one, by confining it in a glass case, along with a viper and a toad; the mole killed both, and devoured part of each.

Mr Arthur Bruce records, in the *Linnæan Transactions*, a circumstance which appears to have been before unknown—that of the mole being addicted to swimming. We shall give the account in his own words:—"On visiting the Loch of Clunie, which I often did, I observed in it a small island at the distance of one hundred and eighty yards from the nearest land, measured upon the ice. Upon the island, the Earl of Airlie, the proprietor, had a small castle and shrubbery. I remarked frequently the appearance of fresh mole-casts, or hills. I for some time took them for those of the water mouse, and one day asked the gardener if it was so. 'No,' he said; 'it was the mole; and that he had caught one or two lately.' Five or six years ago, he caught two in traps,

and for two years after this he had observed none. But, about four years ago, coming ashore one summer's evening in the dusk, he and the Earl of Airlie's butler, they saw at a short distance upon the smooth water some animal paddling towards the island! They soon closed with this feeble passenger, and found it to be the common mole, led by a most astonishing instinct from the castle hill, the nearest point of land, to take possession of this desert island. It had been at the time of my visit, for the space of two years, quite free from any subterranean inhabitant; but the mole has, for more than a year past, made its appearance again, and its operations I have since been witness to."

In the *Magazine of Natural History*, Mr H. Turner mentions a circumstance similar to the above account: he says, "Last summer and autumn (1831), I visited a river at the bottom of the Botanic Garden of Bury St Edmund's, several times very early in the morning, and late in the evening, for the purpose of procuring a specimen of the kingfisher, to preserve, which is frequently to be met with here. One morning, as I sat very quietly, I observed a mole come out of an osier holt and run across a grass path, and take to the water: when it was about half across the river, I ran to the edge of the water, and the mole then made a perceptible attempt to dive, but merely immersed his nose in the water for half a minute, and rapidly gained the shore, and soon disappeared in a hole of the bank. A few mornings afterwards I saw it take to the water as before, but as I remained perfectly still, I observed its unrestrained actions. It was nearly four minutes in swimming six yards, and appeared as if it rather enjoyed its morning's bathing. I mentioned this to an old mole-catcher, as I thought it rather singular, who replied, 'I've seen 'em swim across rivers of a devil and all of a width.'"

The mole shows changes of weather. The temperature or dryness of the air governs its motions as to the depth at which it lives or works. This is partly from its inability to bear cold or thirst, but chiefly from the necessity of following its natural and ordinary food, the common earth-worm, which always descends as the cold or drought increases. In frosty weather, both worms and moles are deeper in the ground than at other times, and both seem to be sensible of an approaching change to warmer weather, before there are any perceptible signs of it in the atmosphere. When it is observed, therefore, that moles are casting hills through openings in the frozen turf, or through a thin covering of snow, a change to open weather may be shortly expected.

The cause of this appears to be: the natural heat of the earth, being for a time pent in by the frozen surface, accumulates below it; first incites to action the animals, thaws the frozen surface, and at length escapes into the open air, which it warms and softens, and, if not counterbalanced by a greater degree of cold in the atmosphere, brings about a change. Changes from frosty to mild weather, caused by the ascent of heat from the earth, are often so evident, that the circumstance needs no confirmation. Stronger proof, if proof were necessary, cannot be given than the common appearance of frost or snow remaining longer upon ground having a stratum of rock beneath, than upon that where there is none. Old foundations of buildings which have not been dug out are easily traced by the same appearance; and any subterraneous solid body, as large stones, drains, planks, or pieces of timber, may be discovered in the same way; and even a plank laid across a ditch, at such times, will remain covered with snow for many hours after the snow on the ground is all melted and gone.

This sufficiently accounts for the activity of the mole before a change of weather, and deserves to be noticed by the meteorologist among the other prognostics of the weather.

The mole is frequently of much more use to the agriculturist than he imagines, as it drains his lands by natural means, and destroys worms. Mr James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, makes the following remarks on this subject:—"The most unnatural of all persecutions that ever was raised in a country, is that against the mole—that innocent and blessed little pioneer, who enriches our pastures annually with the first top-dressing, dug with great pains and labour from the fattest of the soil beneath. The advantages of this top-dressing are so apparent, and so manifest to the eye of every unprejudiced person, that it is really amazing how our countrymen should have persisted, now nearly half a century, in the most manly and valiant endeavours to exterminate the moles from the face of the earth. If a hundred men and horses were employed on a common-sized pasture farm, say from fifteen hundred to two thousand acres, in raising and conveying manure for a top-dressing of that farm, they would not do it so effectually, so neatly, or so equally, as the natural number of moles on that farm would do themselves."

Moles have openings placed for air at certain and very uniform distances.

The mole is a cruel, voracious beast, satisfied only with animal substances, and easily killed by hunger. None of them can remain more than twelve hours without food, and, even after an interval of six hours, they are much exhausted. Although worms and insects are their ordinary food, if they can catch a bird, a small quadruped, or a frog, they precipitate themselves on it with fury, open the belly, devour the entrails, pulling the edges of the wound asunder, and penetrating as far as possible into the body with

being diverted from their purpose by the presence of man, or noise. They do not even spare their own species; and if two are shut up together without food, there will shortly be nothing left of the weakest but its skin, slit along the belly.

THE HERMIT OF MANOR.

So lately as December 1811, there died, in the vale of Manor, in Peeblesshire, an aged individual, who had exhibited, during his life, nearly all the features and habits of the extinct species called a *hermit*. The name of this person was David Ritchie. He was deformed, and a pauper; yet he possessed a strength of mind and a strength of sentiment, together with a share of literature, and, in some things, good taste, such as singled him out not only from his fellow men in that pastoral district, but from the herd of the human race. He was born of poor parents, in the parish of Stobo, adjacent to Manor, about the year 1740—his father's name being William Ritchie, and that of his mother Annale Niven. He had himself the impression that his deformity was owing to carelessness on the part of those entrusted with his keeping in infancy; but this must have been a mere appliance, suggested by self-love, for the gratification of wounded vanity, as his personal defects bore the decided appearance of being inherited from nature. They were confined to his limbs, which were not only shorter than usual, but were bent outwards in such a way as to resemble rather the fins of the turtle than the locomotive machinery proper to the human being. The other parts of his body displayed not only a fully-developed, but an extremely muscular and powerful organization—a circumstance, however, which only aggravated the repulsive singularity of his appearance. David's physiognomy was of a piece with the unnatural structure of his person. His visage was long, meagre, and attenuated; his features large and prominent; his chin projecting far beyond the upper part of his face. From the tip of the latter feature, indeed, to his forehead, his countenance exhibited a progressive slope backwards. His complexion was coarse, hairy, and of a tan colour; and the only redeeming points of his grim aspect were his eyes, which were black, animated, and expressive. When, to the personal qualities just enumerated, we add a voice of a most unearthly pitch and compass, resembling more the utterance of the screech-owl than the tones of humanity, our readers will be at no loss to figure to themselves an object sufficiently disgusting. We have thought it proper thus to describe, at the outset, the extraordinary animal economy of this individual, as an acute sense of it, operating upon a mind peculiarly sensitive, seems to have been the chief, if not the sole cause of that misanthropic disposition which he displayed through life.

David was sent, while yet young, to Edinburgh, to learn the trade of brush-making; but whatever inclination he may have had to follow out that occupation, he soon found his residence in the midst of a populous community altogether intolerable. A propensity not only to slight and contemn, but actually to persecute those unfortunate creatures, whose mental or corporeal functions have been "curtailed of their fair proportions" by nature or accident, seems ever, we are sorry to say, to have been a characteristic of the younger portion of our northern community. The extraordinary physiognomy and person of David, accordingly, soon procured for him such a degree of notoriety, generally manifested, too, without the smallest sympathy or regard for the poor creature's feelings, that he speedily abandoned the town, and fled (if we may use such an expression in speaking of him) to his native hills, his heart bursting with the bitter sense of insulted manhood, without the ability either to bear or to retaliate—filled at once with rage against his tormentors, and disgust at his own misshapen features and person, which thus cruelly excluded him from the pale of social life, and resolved to separate himself for ever from all intercourse or communion with his fellow men.

How David subsisted for some time after his return to his native place, we never heard; but he probably found a shelter in his father's cottage, for we have been informed, that almost immediately after the death of the latter, he began to erect his future hermitage. The place he pitched on was a patch of wild moorland, lying at the bottom of a steep bank, on the farm of Woodhouse, in the vale of Manor, Peeblesshire. Whether David asked or obtained the leave of the proprietor for this proceeding, does not seem quite clear; but certain it is, that the latter, so far from molesting him in his possession, ordered his servants to give him every assistance he might require in the construction of his habitation. Of such aid, however, David availed himself as little as possible, seemingly taking a pride in being the fabricator of his own abode, which, although small, he put together with an extraordinary degree of solidity, the walls consisting of alternate layers of large stones and turf. He covered his miniature dwelling with his own hands, with a neat thatched roof. The door was only three feet and a half high, beneath which he could with ease stand upright. After the completion of his dwelling, David next proceeded with the cultivation of his little garden, which was partly scooped out of the bank behind, and which he had previously enclosed with a strong stone wall. His

horticultural labours did equal credit to his taste and industry, and in a short time it was stocked with all sorts of flowers, herbs, and culinary vegetables, as well as fruit-trees. His feet being of no use to him in the process of digging, he forced the spade into the earth by applying his breast to it. He soon after procured some bee-hives, which he tended with great care, and these speedily became to him a source of considerable emolument, as well as amusement. David's hermitage, both from its own romantic and beautiful appearance, and the singular character of its inhabitant, soon attracted numerous visitors; and it would appear, that to these the poor man evinced much pride and gratification in showing off the results of his taste and handiwork—always providing that they addressed him without any marks of either surprise or disgust at his appearance, and in the courteous manner due to one who had something to show. Among his visitors was the late Dr Adam Ferguson, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and historian of the Roman republic, who resided at the neighbouring mansion of Hall-yards. In the year 1797, Sir Walter Scott, then a young barrister, paid a visit to the venerable professor, with whose family he was at all periods of his life very intimate; and, among other curiosities of the district, he was taken to see the dark hermit of Woodhouse. On this occasion, he was accompanied by Mr (now Sir) Adam Ferguson, the eldest son of the professor, who has been so kind as to communicate to us the particulars of the interview. It may be mentioned, once for all, that David afterwards figured as a fictitious character in one of the celebrated novels of his visitor, under the name of *Elshender the Recluse*.

At the first sight of Mr Scott, the misanthrope seemed impressed with a sentiment of extraordinary interest, which was either owing to the lameness of the stranger—a circumstance throwing a narrower gulf between this person and himself, than what existed between him and most other men—or to some perception of an extraordinary mental character in this limping youth, which was then hid from other eyes. After grinning upon him for a moment with a smile less bitter than his wont, the dwarf passed to the door, double-locked it, and then, coming up to the stranger, seized him by the wrist with one of his iron hands, and said, "Man, ha' ye ony poo'er?" By this he meant magical power, to which he had himself some vague pretensions, or which, at least, he had studied and reflected upon till it had become with him a kind of monomania. Mr Scott disavowed the possession of any gifts of that kind, evidently to the great disappointment of the inquirer, who then turned round and gave a signal to a huge black cat, hitherto unobserved, which immediately jumped up to a shelf, where it perched itself, and seemed to the excited senses of the visitors as if it had really been the familiar spirit of the mansion. "He has poo'er," said the dwarf, in a voice which made the flesh of the hearers thrill within them, and Mr Scott, in particular, looked as if he conceived himself to have actually got into the den of one of those magicians with whom his studies had rendered him familiar. "Ay, he has poo'er," repeated the recluse; and then, going to his usual seat, he sat for some minutes grinning horribly, as if enjoying the impression he had made; while not a word escaped from any of the party. Mr Ferguson at length plucked up his spirits, and called to David to open the door, as they must now be going. The dwarf slowly obeyed; and when they had got out, Mr Ferguson observed, that his friend was as pale as ashes, while his person was agitated in every limb. Under such striking circumstances was this extraordinary being first presented to the *real* magician, who was afterwards to give him such a deathless celebrity.

Although the care of his bees and the cultivation of his garden appeared, in the eyes of his humble neighbours, to be David's sole occupation, he had a private source of amusement within his solitary dwelling, to which they themselves were in a great measure strangers—namely, in books. Improbable as it may seem, this poor decrepit creature's favourite author was no other than the sentimental Shenstone, whose love-pastorals he confessed to afford him the most intense delight. Next to Shenstone in his favour was Milton's *Paradise Lost*, large portions of which he could repeat by rote; and his nice perception of the beauties of many of the sublimer passages is said to have been altogether extraordinary, considering his origin, education, and rank in life. In addition to these volumes, he had got a copy of "Tooke's Pantheon," and had his head confusedly stored with all the mysteries of the heathen mythology. David had likewise at his command the library of his kind benefactor, Dr Ferguson, who reckoned him a man of great capacity and originality of mind. He possessed, moreover, a keen relish for the beauties of nature, and would sit for hours gazing upon the varied landscape before him in a reverie of deep admiration; and in this lonely source of enjoyment it would almost seem as if Providence kindly intended a sort of compensation for that bar which excluded him from all participation in the social joys of humanity. His habitual and deeply rooted misanthropy, however, counteracted any beneficial effects which this affection for the pure aspect of nature might have had in mollifying down the asperities of his temper and disposition; and he awoke from these temporary reveries with a bitter feeling of disgust with himself, and a more malignant feeling of hatred towards his fellow-crea-

tures. The sense of his deformity haunted him like a phantom, and poisoned the very springs of his existence. This ever-present consciousness of his bodily inferiority frequently came upon him overpoweringly, even when in his mildest moods, and the workings of his agony are described to have been perfectly frightful. The same cause rendered him jealous in the extreme of every one that came near him, and he watched their every word and look for a mark of contempt towards himself. A lady who had known him from infancy, having gone one day to visit him in company with another lady, he took them through his garden, and was showing them, with much pride and good humour, all his tastefully-assorted borders, &c., when they happened to stop near a plot of cabbages which had been injured by caterpillars. David, observing one of the ladies smile, instantly assumed his savage scowling aspect, rushed among the cabbages, and dashed them to pieces with his stick, exclaiming, "I hate the worms, for they mock me!" Another lady, likewise an old acquaintance and generous friend, having called one day at his cottage, David, whilst ushering her into the garden, glanced back at her with one of his jealous looks, when, imagining that he saw her spit, he turned upon her fiercely, exclaiming, "Am I a toad, woman! that ye spit at me—that ye spit at me!" and drove her out of the garden with insult and imprecations. His expressions and threats when roused to anger were horribly savage, and altogether original. His dislike to children, which he acquired in youth, from their propensity to molest him, continued till the day of his death.

His cottage falling into disrepair about the year 1802, Sir James Nasmyth kindly ordered a new one to be erected for him and his sister, a poor helpless creature of imbecile mind, at a short distance from the site of his former abode. This cottage had two apartments; but although David consented to live under the same roof with his sister, he would neither permit her to come into his room, nor even to enter the house by the same door, and separate ones were accordingly made. The only living creatures, indeed, besides his bees, whose society David could tolerate, were the black cat above mentioned, and a dog, to both of which he was much attached. A large addition was also made to David's garden, all of which he trenched to the depth of two feet and a half with his own hands.

What with the small pittance he and his sister received from the parish—they being for many years the only persons who got relief from the parochial funds—the produce of his bees and extra vegetables, and the numerous gratuities in money, food, and clothes, which he received from his neighbours and visitors (besides living rent free), David had even more than enough to satisfy all his little wants. A *meal-pock* always hung for him in the parish mill, and never failed to receive a multure from every grist. It must be mentioned, as a fact consistent with his misanthropic character, that although he scrupled not to accept of pecuniary donations, he never testified any particular gratitude to his benefactors for their bounty, or seemed to think himself at all under an obligation to them. He had a strange pleasure in wandering out in the dark, and is said to have spent whole nights amongst the ruins of old buildings, and other fancied haunts of spectres. Nevertheless, he was extremely superstitious, especially on the subject of witchcraft, to protect himself from which he had his garden well stocked with *rowan-trees*. He was supposed to entertain certain peculiar points of religious belief, but was frequently heard to speak of his existence in a future state with a fervour amounting to tears.

There was nothing very uncommon in the style of his dress when he went abroad, either to Peebles or any of the neighbouring farmers' or gentlemen's houses, which practice he altogether left off for many years before his death. He usually wore an old slouched hat out of doors, and a cowl or woollen night-cap at home. His feet, to fit which with shoes was beyond the ingenuity of any rustic artificer, were wrapt in pieces of leather or cloth. He always walked with a sort of pole or pike-staff considerably longer than himself.

David Ritchie died in December 1811, after an illness of three days, being reckoned at that time considerably above seventy years of age. About £20 were found in his chest after his death, the half of which was restored to the parish. He had become penurious and miserly in his latter years; the only article on which he was ever known to expend any money being *snuff*, in which he indulged to excess. During his life, David had cherished and expressed a great desire to be buried in a romantic and beautiful spot on the Manor water, called Woodhill. His alleged reasons for this predilection were his antipathy to being huddled up in the kirkyard with the "common brush," as he expressed it, and his aversion to have "the clods clapped on him by such a fellow as Jack Somerville, the bellman," whom he mortally detested, on account, as some thought, of a resemblance which that obnoxious individual bore to himself in personal deformity. David changed his mind, however, on his deathbed, and he was "gathered to his fathers" in the churchyard of Manor.

David's sister, with whom he never could agree, survived him for many years. The poor creature, whose derangement increased much after her brother's death, continued to reside in the lonely cottage during the day, but was taken care of at night by some kind individuals in a neighbouring hamlet. The notoriety

which her moorland habitation acquired after the publication of the "Black Dwarf," caused her much annoyance by the questions put to her regarding her brother, by the idle and curious who flocked to the spot. "Will they no let the dead rest?" she would mutter to herself, after one of these interrogatory scenes; "what gars the folk speir sae many questions about us? Our parents were poor, but there was nae ill anent them." She was still further concerned when some one told her that her brother was introduced into a play; meaning that his fictitious representative was brought upon the stage in the drama formed out of the novel by Mr Terry. Her old acquaintance, Sir Adam Ferguson, paid her a visit soon after, and was saluted in the following terms:—"Oh, Maister Audam, isn't this an awfu' like thing? they say they're acting my brother Dauvit in Lunnon. Will they no let the dead rest in their graves?"—an appeal far from deficient in pathos. With that kindly and benevolent sympathy of heart which was one of his distinguishing qualities, Sir Walter Scott, in his introduction to the novel, in the late edition, expresses much concern at what the old woman suffered on account of his having made free with her brother. But he ought, at the same time, to have considered, that, if he thus occasioned her a little verbal persecution, the grievance was amply compensated by the pecuniary donations that were liberally showered on her by her interrogators, and which secured for her helpless old age many comforts which she might otherwise have wanted.

During the twenty years that have elapsed since the death of the hermit, his garden has been permitted to run almost entirely to waste; but we are fortunately enabled to present something like a catalogue of the numerous flowers and plants which it once contained, in the following lines, by Mr Thomas Gentle, gardener, Peebles, in which the writer has, with much ingenuity, and great simplicity of expression, put a whole *hortus siccus* into metre and rhyme—

Old David reared the curious Christmas rose,
That in the month of January blows—
Batchelors' buttons—lilies, pure as gold—
Ground-ivy, twined in many a lengthening fold—
Myrrh—balm—thyme—and fair southernwood and mint,
Plants less desired for elegance than scent—
Blue violets—daisies—polyanthus red,
Under the leaves of deadly nightshade hid—
Tall shepherd's club—French William—blue monk's hood—
The modest primrose, native of the wood—
Green periwinkle, sage, and calomile,
That creeps along the surface of the soil—
Pennyroyal—millifolium—Solomon's seal—
Fair flower-de-luce—French lilies—and speedwell—
Valerian—orpis—cransbile—scurvy-grass—
And tulips of the common kind and class—
Grey horehound—tansy—wormwood—bitter rue—
Wild agrimonia—and white feather too—
Famed star of Bethlehem, and Jacob's ladder,
With gardeners' garters, striped like any adder—
Carnation—poppies—catchflies—saxifrage—
And honesty, no favourite of this age—
Queen's jellyflower—campanula—fox-glove,
High stalks with white, and purple stalks above—
Red and white double roses—wallflower fine—
And many sorts of pretty columbine—
Walk-rob-in—hyssop—blue-glass—hellebore—
Coast Mary—beateny—and borage hoar—
St Johnswort—saying tree—and butcher's broom—
And yellow acronites, an early bloom—
Small dog-tooth violets—cowslips—golden rod—
Alliecampane, with leaves more red and broad—
And a majestic Turkey-rhubarb bush—
Tall Scottish thistle—and the clothier's brush—
And small sweet-scented lily of the vale,
Mingling its sweetness with the passing gale.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

DANIEL DE FOE,
The Author of "Robinson Crusoe."

"FEW things, in an ordinary life," says the *Edinburgh Review*, "can come up to the interest which every reader of sensibility must take in the author of Robinson Crusoe. 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy,' and it cannot be denied that the first perusal of that work makes part of the illusion. The roar of the waters is in our ears—we start at the print of the foot in the sand, and hear the parrot repeat the well-known sounds of 'Poor Robinson Crusoe! Who are you? Where do you come from, and where are you going?' till the tears gush, and, in recollection and feeling, we become children again! One cannot understand how the author of this world of abstraction should have had any thing to do with the ordinary cares and business of life; or it almost seems that he should have been fed, like Elijah, by the ravens. It is well, however, to be assured that he was a man of worth as well as genius; and that, having to contend all his life with vexations and disappointments, with vulgar clamour and the hand of power, yet he did nothing to leave a blot upon his name, or to make the world ashamed of the interest they must always feel in him."

DANIEL DE FOE was born in 1661, in the parish of St Giles, Cripplegate, in the city of London. His name was properly Foe, and he only added the *De* when grown up to manhood. His father was James Foe, a respectable butcher, of dissenting principles; and his grandfather, whose younger son his father is supposed to have been, was a yeoman of the same

name, farming a small estate of his own at Elton, in Northamptonshire, and possessing the opposite principles of a cavalier and high-churchman.

By his father, the author of Robinson Crusoe was educated with the view of his becoming a dissenting clergyman: his chief preceptor was Mr Charles Moreton, who kept a dissenting academy at Newington Green, and subsequently emigrated to America. Whether from an unsettled disposition, or his father's inability to supply the necessary expenses, he never finished his education as a minister; but he nevertheless had acquired a knowledge at the academy of five different languages, of mathematics, natural philosophy, logic, geography, and history. His learning, however, is very plausibly supposed to have been superficial, and in which character it is spoken of by his contemporary, the poet Gay. The glory of De Foe was not destined, however, to arise from any modification of existing knowledge, but from the nervous common sense, and the power of describing imaginary beings under all the semblance of reality, with which he was endowed by nature.

The dissenting principles, which consisted in a denial of certain forms and powers assumed by the church of England, together with some dim but aspiring views respecting civil liberty, took such a fast hold of the mind of De Foe, that they never left him from the beginning to the end of his career. Entering into life at the end of the reign of Charles the Second, when both civil and religious tyranny were coming to a height, he could hardly fail, with such a mind and temperament as he possessed, to throw himself at once into the turmoil of polemical warfare. Accordingly, at the age of twenty-one, he wrote a satire upon the church clergy, styled "Speculum Crape-Gownorum." When only three years older, he took a more practical step against the church, by joining the rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth, which was very speedily put down. De Foe narrowly escaped being taken prisoner, and returning to London, eluded the wide-sweeping and bloody revenge with which the government visited the actors in that unfortunate movement. He soon after embarked in business as a sort of agent between the London hosiers and the country manufacturers, and, being free by birth, took up his living as a citizen of London. This happened in 1687-8, on the eve of the revolution, a crisis when neither stockings nor citizenship could keep De Foe from pen and ink; and accordingly he joined the numerous assailants of the tottering power of King James. Of the revolution, he was not only a supporter—he hailed it with enthusiastic joy, and ever after observed the 4th of November, the anniversary of the landing of the Prince of Orange, as a holiday. In October 1689, when King William and Queen Mary paid their first ceremonial visit to Guildhall, Daniel De Foe appeared conspicuously in the procession as one of a royal regiment of volunteer horse, made up of the chief citizens (chiefly dissenters), and who, gallantly mounted and richly accoutred, made a very great show. He admired the character of King William to a degree of enthusiasm, and, unlike the generality of the English people, retained a warmly grateful sense of his services to British liberty and freedom of conscience. As an exposure of the absurd cry that the king was a foreigner, De Foe wrote his poetical satire, entitled, "The True-born Englishman," a piece which, though deficient in polish, is a masterpiece of good sense and just reflection, and shows a thorough knowledge both of English history and of the English character. It is, indeed, a complete and unanswerable exposure of the pretence set up by the English to a purer and loftier origin than all the rest of the world, instead of their being a mixed race from all parts of Europe, settling down into one common name and people. King William was so much gratified by this publication as to extend his personal friendship to the author, who was often closeted with him during the latter part of his Majesty's life. His pen, however, added more to his celebrity than his fortunes. Having engaged in the Portuguese and Spanish trade, he lost a vessel by shipwreck, and, from one cause or other, miscarried in business of two or three descriptions. Like most falling men, he committed some errors in attempting to retrieve his affairs. They could not, however, have been very unpardonable, as he was not made bankrupt, and his creditors agreed to take his own personal security for the composition. What is still more to his credit, after being fully discharged he continued to pay to the extent of his power, to the amount of some thousand pounds. The fact is equally characteristic, that, while in this state of depression, he occupied himself in projecting ways and means for the government, which obtained him a small place and other countenance, and restored him to comparative competence.

The death of King William in 1701 made matters much for the worse with De Foe. Under Queen Anne, the high church system waxed more and more furious and intolerant, till, in the end, a university preacher was able, with impunity, to lead an infuriated mob through the streets of London, pulling down the dissenters' places of worship, burning their private dwellings, and making it unsafe for one of that profession to be seen abroad. The established clergy, in general, cherished the most embittered feelings towards the dissenters, and desired to see them subjected to very severe penalties. De Foe marked, with an exact eye, the extravagant notions which the heat of the time had engendered in the minds of these men,

and, under the title of "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters," brought out a pamphlet, in which he caricatured the whole under a semblance of the most serious earnestness—insomuch that, at first, the pamphlet was highly extolled by the clergy as a more than usually uncompromising demonstration of their favourite views respecting the people.

When it was at length discovered that the author was only burlesquing the sentiments of the clergy, he was immediately denounced as one of the most profligate of men; nor were even his own brethren, the dissenters, so sure of the propriety or expediency of his satire as to stand up in his defence. A prosecution for seditious libel, in which the accusers hypocritically overlooked the real, as opposed to the apparent tendency of the pamphlet, was instituted against him. He was moreover cheated into a plea of guilty, by the expectation of a pardon, when, to the eternal disgrace of justice, a sentence followed, inflicting a triple appearance in the pillory, a fine of two hundred marks, imprisonment during the queen's pleasure, and sureties for good behaviour for seven years. The firmness of character of this extraordinary man was strikingly exemplified by the fortitude with which he endured the ignominy of the first part of his sentence, and the total ruin of his affairs (and at the time he possessed a wife and six children), which followed a prosecution so merciless. Instead of yielding to despondency, his elastic mind fell back upon its resources, and, besides the immediate production of his caustic satire, termed "A Hymn to the Pillory," during his imprisonment, which lasted nearly two years, he commenced his celebrated journal, "The Review"; published a collection of his works; kept up a pamphleteering warfare on various public topics with all his usual activity; and in no respect showed any mental yielding to his fallen fortunes. Pope, in his *Dunciad*, has made an ungenerous allusion to the circumstances:

"See where on high stands unabashed De Foe."

But without any wish to depreciate the merit of this poet, it may be said that De Foe had ten thousand times more real glory in enduring the honourable dishonour of the pillory for an effort in behalf of humanity and toleration, than what the author of the *Rape of the Lock* had in any single transaction of his crazy and capricious life.

It is a remarkable fact that De Foe was condemned for patriotic conduct under a Whig ministry, and that he was released and consoled by a Tory one. On the accession of Harley and Bolingbroke to power, the former interceded for and obtained his liberation, and prevailed upon the queen to supply the money for his fine and expenses. This can scarcely be called a disinterested proceeding, as the object evidently was to buy off a writer of whom the new cabinet had some reason to stand in dread. De Foe accepted from Harley the charge of acting as a confidential agent, at Edinburgh, in the transactions of the Union between Scotland and England—a duty which he is allowed to have discharged with activity and zeal, and chronicled in his "History of the Union" with much ability. It does not appear that he either employed his pen, or gave his personal services, in behalf of any of the expressly Tory measures of this celebrated cabinet; he only abstained from writing against it, which was the least that his obligations to Harley would allow him to do. He had, besides, another and equally cogent reason for doing little at this time in behalf of the popular cause. The popular cause was hardly true to itself. The mass of the community were led away by the insane cry of "the church is in danger," from the pursuit of their own proper objects, into a defence of others with which they had nothing to do. De Foe, whose mind went always in the van of the age, suffered more from the party which he led than from that which he opposed; so that it could hardly be wondered at if he at last drew off from active combat, and contented himself with merely cherishing in his own bosom those abstract principles which he considered his fellows not yet fitted to realize. Having published a pamphlet, in which he ironically urged the people to bring in the Pretender by a caricatured use of all the Jacobite arguments, he was prosecuted for it by a co-patriot, named William Benson, who, being utterly unable to see the real drift of the *jeu d'esprit*, conceived that the author was in league with the disinherited Stuart, and endeavoured to bring him to trial accordingly for high treason. It was only through the friendly zeal of the Tory Harley, and his representations to Queen Anne, that De Foe was released from Newgate, whither he had been committed on the judges' warrant for writing something in defence of his pamphlet, after its presentation to the grand jury, and his being compelled to give bail to appear for trial. Such was the perseverance of his enemies on this occasion, that his ministerial friends thought it most advisable to cover him by a formal royal pardon, to which event he has alluded with considerable humour.

De Foe's defence of a proposed commercial treaty with France, on grounds which exhibit the clearness of his ideas on that subject to great advantage, brought on a still greater torrent of enmity and abuse; until at length the accession of George the First, which he had strenuously supported, by depriving him of every species of protection, drove him from politics altogether. His spirit seemed at last to give way to so much unrelenting enmity, and a slight fit of apoplexy ensued—an event which rendered an appeal which he soon after published, in defence of

his conduct and writings, more particularly impressive.

At the verge of three score, struck with one fit of apoplexy, and tormented with the gout and stone, this persecuted, but most virtuous and ingenious man, retired to Stoke Newington, and turned to an employment which might rather have been expected to engage him in the bloom and verdure of life—namely, the writing of romances. His Robinson Crusoe, which was among the first, appeared in 1719, and immediately obtained that degree of public favour which it has ever since maintained. The original idea was communicated to him by a Scottish mariner, named Alexander Selkirk, who had accompanied Captain Woodes Roger upon his voyage round the world, and been left for three or four years upon the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez in the Pacific Ocean. It has a merit which does not belong to any of the other romances of De Foe; for while these in general refer to the very lowest and most profligate characters in social life—such as pickpockets, sharpers, and women of various degrees and kinds of infamy—and are, therefore, of very questionable moral tendency, this legend of the lone and melancholy sea is a complete abstraction from all polluting scenes, depending for its interest solely upon the sympathy which we feel for a human being placed in such an extraordinary situation, and the ingeniously minute and well conceived train of circumstances and adventures which the author has imagined for his hero. "The great beauty of this fiction," says a recent Reviewer, "consists, not in the hero, but his situation, and the admirable manner in which he is made to adapt himself to it. Human sympathy attends his every action, and the simple and natural pathos of a plain unsophisticated man on the sublimity and awfulness of perfect solitude, moves more than would all the feeling and eloquence of Rousseau, had he attempted a similar story. No wonder this tale is translated into all the European languages, and even into Arabic, as we are informed by Burckhardt, although that people possess a Crusoe, in 'Hai Ebn Yokdan,' of their own." It will be in vain, this critic thinks, to contend for the same merit in Moll Flanders, Captain Singleton, Colonel Jack, and other romances produced by De Foe—yet they show, equally with Crusoe, that first-rate sign of genius, the power of imagining a character within a certain range of existence, and throwing into it the breath of life and individualization, which was a pre-eminent mental characteristic of De Foe. This was also shown in various works of fiction, which he produced as veritable histories and biographies, such as the Citizen's Account of the Great Plague of London in 1665, the Memoirs of Captain Carleton, and others. The most notable readers have been deceived by the amazing appearance of natural probability borne by these works. Even in his lowest romances there are touches here and there which charm us by their exquisite simplicity and truth—as, in "Colonel Jack," where the hero and his companions are sitting at a three-half-penny ordinary, and are delighted, even more than with their savoury fare, to hear the waiter cry, "Coming, gentlemen, coming," when they cry for a cup of small beer; and also where we are told, as a notable event, that "about this time the Colonel took upon him to wear a shirt."

Notwithstanding the number and success of his publications, De Foe, we lament to add, had to struggle with pecuniary difficulties, heightened by domestic afflictions. To the last, when on the brink of death, he was on the verge of a jail; and the ingratitude and ill-behaviour of his son in embezzling some property which De Foe had made over for the benefit of his sisters and mother, completed his distress. He was supported in these painful circumstances by the assistance and advice of Mr Baker, the celebrated naturalist, who had married his youngest daughter, Sophia. The subjoined letter gives a melancholy but very striking picture of the state of his feelings at this sad juncture:—

"DEAR MR BAKER,
I have your very kind and affectionate letter of the 1st: But not come to my hand till the 10th; where it had been delay'd I know not. As your kind manner, and kinder Thought, from which it flows (for I take all you say to be as I always believed you to be, sincere and Nathaniel-like, without Guile), was a particular satisfaction to me; so the stop of a Letter, however it happened, deprived me of that cordial too many days, considering how much I stood in need of it, to support a mind sinking under the weight of an affliction too heavy for my strength, and looking on myself as abandoned of every Comfort, every Friend, and every Relative, except such only as are able to give me no assistance.

"I was sorry you should say at the beginning of your Letter, you were debarred seeing me. Depend upon my sincerity for this, I am far from debarring you. On the contrary, it would be a greater comfort to me than any I now enjoy, that I could have your agreeable visits with safety, and could see both you and my dearest Sophia, could it be without giving her the grief of seeing her father in *tenebris*, and under the load of insupportable sorrows. I am sorry I must open my griefs so far as to tell her, it is not the blow I received from a wicked, perjured, and contemptible enemy, that has broken in upon my spirit, which as she well knows, has carried me on thro' greater disasters than these. But it has been the injustice, unkindness, and, I must say, inhuman dealing of my own son, which has both ruined my family, and, in a word, has broken my heart; and as I am at this time under a weight of very heavy illness, which I think will be a fever, I take this occasion to vent my grief in the

breasts who I know will make a prudent use of it, and tell you, that nothing but this has conquered, or could conquer me. *Et tu Brute!* I depended upon him, I trusted him, I gave up my two dear unprovided children into his hands; but he has no compassion, and suffers them and their poor dying mother to beg their bread at his door, and to crave, as if it were an alms, what he is bound under hand and seal, besides the most sacred promises, to supply them with; himself, at the same time, living in a profusion of plenty. It is too much for me. Excuse my infirmity, I can say no more; my heart is too full. I only ask one thing of you as a dying request. Stand by them when I am gone, and let them not be wrong'd, while he is able to do them right. Stand by them as a brother; and if you have any thing within you owing to my memory, who have bestow'd on you the best gift I had to give, let them not be injured and trampled on by false pretences, and unnatural reflections. I hope they will want no help but that of comfort and council; but that they will indeed want, being too easy to be manag'd by words and promises.

"It adds to my grief that I must never see the pledge of your mutual love, my little grandson. Give him my blessing, and may he be to you both your joy in youth, and your comfort in age, and never add a sigh to your sorrow. But, alas! that is not to be expected. Kiss my dear Sophy once more for me; and if I must see her no more, tell her this is from a father that loved her above all his comforts, to his last breath.

"Your unhappy, D. F.

"About two miles from Greenwich, Kent,

"Tuesday, August 12, 1730."

From this scene of sorrow we must now hasten to an event that dropped before it the dark curtain of time. Having received a wound that was incurable, there is too much reason to fear that the anguish arising from it sunk deep in his spirits, and hastened the crisis that, in a few months, brought his troubles to a final close. The time of his death has been variously stated; but it took place upon the 24th of April 1731, when he was about seventy years of age. Cibber and others state that he died at his house at Islington, but this is incorrect. The parish of St Giles, Cripplegate, in which he drew his first breath, was also destined to receive his last. This we learn from the parish register, which has been searched for the purpose, and farther informs us that he went off in a lethargy. He was buried from thence, upon the 26th of April, in Tindall's Burying-ground, now best known by the name of Bunhill-Fields. The entry in the register, written probably by some ignorant person, who made a strange blunder of his name, is as follows: "1731. April 26. Mr Dubow. Cripplegate." His wife did not long survive him.

THE DEAD-LETTER BOX.

WHEN residing on the coast of Malabar, in the year 1820, I had occasion to be much with Captain Graham, who was at that time adjutant of one of the king's regiments stationed in India. The head-quarters were in a small island connected with the mainland by a ledge of rocks, which were dry at low water, so as to allow the passage of people on foot, or in palanquins; and the house which Captain Graham occupied lay at the farthest point of the island, between two small clumps of cocoa-nut trees. The situation was uncommonly pleasant, being open on all sides to the breeze from the sea, and enjoying from its verandah a broken view of the surrounding bay, which appeared in glimpses through openings among the palm trees. The little Arab prowls, flitting up and down on the water like butterflies, or gliding from island to island, with their white bleached sails and turbaned seamen, were often seen and lost as they passed these openings, and gave an appearance of romance to the scene which rendered its quietness doubly agreeable.

On calling on Captain Graham one morning, I found him seated in his verandah, busied among a chaos of regimental papers, report books, accounts of stores, and other matters, which, with the assistance of a Purvo, or Hindoo clerk, he was arranging and putting up in separate bundles. After the usual compliments, he pushed aside some of the litter of papers which had gathered on the sofa, and gave me a seat beside him. "The regiment has shifted its quarters frequently of late," he said, "and our depot of records has not missed its share of the jolting of long marches, so that it has got into sad confusion. The colonel has sent this morning for some papers, for which I had to turn over the whole archives of office. We have now found almost the whole of them, so that I will be able to join you in a few minutes. I received some English papers this morning, which Hybutty will bring for you." The clerk, a tall graceful-looking man, with a white muslin frock fastened round the waist, and a red turban (the dress of his caste), went, with a look of great submission, and brought the papers; but I had seen them before, so that I began to look about me for some other amusement; and observing a drawer lying at my foot, marked the "Dead-Letter Box," I

began to turn over its contents. They consisted chiefly of letters from England to men belonging to the regiment who had died in India, and were many of them of a very uninteresting character. Numbers had their directions so ill written, that it was surprising how they had ever found their way to India, or, being there, how the Hindoo clerks of the post-office had contrived to discover their owners. Several of them (from this cause, I supposed) were marked, *mis-sent to China*, or other places. Some were unsealed, torn, and crumpled; others were lying sealed, as they had arrived from England. I glanced into some of the former, chiefly to soldiers from their relations at home, and was struck with the melancholy contrast between the reality and the hopes of the writers, who always seemed to consider their friends as alive and well, whereas they had often been dead before their letter was written, and always before it arrived in India.

There was one packet, consisting of three or four letters, tied up together with a piece of twine, and all addressed to the same person. The hand-writing of these was greatly superior to that of most of the others; and I was reading the address half aloud—"Lieutenant George Moxley"—when Captain Graham turned round, with a gesture of inquiry. "I have been looking at the letters in this box," I said, "and this one I think is addressed to 'Lieutenant George Moxley.'"

Captain Graham appeared a good deal interested, and said, "Poor fellow! he is dead several years ago. His death had something affecting in it, and made a greater impression on me, as he came from the same neighbourhood with myself. He was extremely anxious to do well here, hoping to be able to assist some friends who were not in the best circumstances at home."

"This is a letter from his sister, I believe," said I. "We may read it," said Captain Graham; "the whole melancholy story is over now."

I took the letter accordingly: it was written in a beautifully delicate female hand, and signed "Anne Moxley." I read it aloud.

"My dear George—Your last letter gave us all great pleasure. Papa received it while we were at breakfast, and read it quite through to himself before he told us any thing of the contents. But I saw at the first by his looks that it was agreeable to him; and when he read aloud your affectionate recollections of us all, you may be sure that we shared in his pleasure. We had been very anxious about you for some time, particularly as we learned from Captain Bingham's letter that your company had been ordered to a station which is reckoned unhealthy. I think I never saw papa so much pleased, as when he found that you were well, and in good spirits. Robert was quite elevated with the account of your travels and adventures, and says he will go to India too. But mamma looked grave and unhappy at his talking; and I think, notwithstanding that you are so much pleased with your condition and prospects, she still regrets that you had not remained in some situation, even of less promise, at home. My dear George, how much both she and my father think of you, and how much—how very much—of their happiness depends on your being well! The effects of your letter upon the whole of us remind me of nothing so much as a fine sunny day in spring upon the birds in the garden. We were all happier; and I could have fluttered about among the bushes, and sung songs myself. Little Alice, who was so little when you left us, is grown a tall girl now, and plays and sings beautifully. You recollect how you used to scold me for mangling your favourite '*Tutti-titi*.' I am sure you would be delighted if you heard her play it. She took more pains with it than any other, after she heard that I used to tease you by neglecting it.

"Robert is at Mr Griffith's academy, and papa gets good accounts of his progress. He makes very pretty drawings in pencil; they are really good. I was going to send you his sketch of the wooden bridge which joins the two willow trees leaning across the water, but he has scratched all the back with mathematical triangles, and spoiled it. But I will have him to make another for you, and will send it the first time a parcel can be forwarded.

"I think papa is not so cheerful as he was wont to be; it may be only my fancy; but I often see him pacing about in the garden, and looking anxious; and I am sure some letters which he received lately made him uneasy. Mamma looked very earnestly while he was reading one of them; but when she saw that it attracted my attention, she spoke of some indifferent matters, and neither papa nor she said any thing afterwards about the letters to us.

"I had arranged to go a little jaunt this summer with Grace Fairley to her relations, near Wigan; but the anxiety which I see in papa throws a kind of damp on my spirits, and I don't think I can go, though it will disappoint Grace. I would like much better to stay a week or two with the Fairleys themselves—they are so quiet and agreeable; and with Grace's liveliness, it would remind me of the time when you used to go with me, and we were all so happy together. I believe Grace thinks of those days as well as I—a visit, when you and I used to go by ourselves, put

her in better spirits than I ever see her in now, with all her company.

"Aunt Haxton is—"

"The rest of Miss Moxley's letter is about relations," I said; "we need not read it; but here is one from her father."

"Read that," said Captain Graham.

"It is not long," I replied, and began to read.

"My dear George—Your sister's letter will tell you how much we were gratified to hear that you were well, and in good spirits. There is nothing which can cheer our homely fire-side so much as to know that you are pleased with your prospects, and have been able to recommend yourself to the attention of gentlemen who can be of use to you. The patronage of Colonel Bruce does you much honour; and I was glad to see the manner in which he spoke of you in a letter to his brother, with whom I had some acquaintance many years ago. Your night expedition, to make a survey of the fort of Kaladroog, seems to have recommended you strongly to his attention; but though I told your mother that he had noticed you, I remained (as you have done) silent as to the adventure itself, which was not of a nature to amuse mothers. I hope his friendship will be of advantage to you; and in India, as I dare say you have seen by this time, nothing assists the prospects of young men, even of the steadiest habits, so much as the countenance and protection of gentlemen of his character.

"You are already aware of the disappointment we met with in your uncle's business; his affairs are not yet wound up, so that we are not informed of the total loss, though I am afraid it will be considerable. I have not, of course, been able to conceal it from your mother, whose distress, both on her brother's account and our own embarrassment, affects her spirits a good deal. It was lucky that your letter arrived at the time it did, as it has served to restore her, in some measure, to her wonted composure and cheerfulness, though I am quite sure that you must have made a great sacrifice in sending the very considerable remittance which it inclosed. I applied it, as you requested, to the expenses of Robert's education, who, I am glad to say, makes very fair progress. In mathematics, he is quite beyond the lads of his age.

"As your sister will write you a long letter, I shall add little more. I hope that you may continue prosperous, and, above all, that you be such, both towards God and man, as to merit prosperity.—I am your affectionate father,

SAMUEL MOXLEY."

"The remaining letter," I observed, "is signed Robert Fairley."

"Poor Moxley's school-acquaintance and intimate friend," replied Captain Graham; "we were all three educated together, but Fairley had no occasion to come to India."

I proceeded to read the letter, which was in a different strain from the others.

"My dear Moxley—I suppose this letter will reach you at the foot of some Indian rock, with a castle on its shoulder, which you are going to take by surprise from its black tenants. What a strange lad you are! Who would have thought that the quiet George Moxley, who was known here for nothing but his skill in useless languages, should undertake such adventures? I heard Mr Bruce read the letter which he received from his brother, concerning your night expedition in the disguise of a Jagee, to take a survey of the fort of Kaladroog, and was quite surprised at your clever management; it is very lucky that Jagees are not required to speak to every one that asks questions, else you might have been puzzled a little. But is it possible that you were dyed black? What a figure you must have made!—naked, with a rope about your waist, and a wig powdered with ashes! If masquerades were in fashion, you would have drawn some attention here in that costume. And then your return next night with a party of soldiers to scale the rock, and take the Indians and their black prince in their beds. I can't pardon you for being so cunning, George: you should have appeared in the morning before the gates of their castle with your hand of heroes, and blown your horn, like a good knight and true, to invite the sable warriors to equal combat, or to deliver up their enchanted fortress. I believe, however, this was not Colonel Bruce's opinion. He gives you great credit for the saving of time you caused him at the beginning of the rains.* Pretty soldiers you, to be afraid of a shower! I have always heard that our Indian army was tender of its health, and here is a proof of it. However, as Colonel Bruce was pleased, and every body else seems satisfied, I suppose I must allow you some credit too.

"But to have done with this: Our old friend Mrs Griffiths is dead, and has left, as was expected, the greater part of her property to Grace. It is very considerable indeed; and I am glad of it, for your sake as well as hers. I can see that Grace has nearly the same thoughts herself. And I can assure you, that my mother and the whole of us retain our high esteem for you, and will be glad if your expected furlough can be procured. Mr Bruce knows of the arrangements for your marriage, and will use his interest with his brother both for your sake and ours.

* The rains in India are so heavy and continued when they set in, that no military operations can be carried on afterwards for four months, and an army which attempts to keep the field rarely escapes destruction.

"I was at Glenkeach during the shooting season, and had excellent sport—though not to be compared with tiger hunting, I suppose. However that may be, I hope you will be able to make the experiment with us next year, and, by so doing, add to the pleasure of more than one old friend.—I am, &c.

"ROBERT FAIRLEY."

After reading the letters, I held them in my hand for a few moments with a feeling of regret and sorrow: "And the object of all these regards—this affectionate son—this kind brother—this favoured lover and friend—died shortly after?"

"He was dead while these letters were in writing," replied Captain Graham, looking at the date of one of them. "After the enterprise which he carried through so gallantly at Kaladroog, he rose rapidly in the good opinion of all the superior officers; and it was arranged that he should receive the appointment of aid-de-camp to the governor. In the meantime, however, he was ordered with a detachment upon a separate service, near Barodah: his party had to march for several days along the banks of the Nerbudah, one of the most unhealthy aguish tracts in India—hot and stifling in the day-time, and after night-fall, damp and chilling in the extreme. Moxley, however, knew the precautions necessary in such a climate, and had sense enough to attend to them; but after several fatiguing marches, the encampment was discovered one night to be on fire, and alarm immediately spread that it was caused by the enemy. Mr Moxley's activity and previous arrangements prevented any serious damage, and the enemy (if it was their work) found no opportunity of profiting by the confusion. The fatigue, however, and exposure, threw him during next day's march into a brain fever, and he was carried in that state to Baroach. He lay for several weeks in a state of madness, accompanied by symptoms which every day threatened his life. After recovering a little, he was brought to Bombay for change of air and medical attendance: I was at Goa at that time, and when I arrived at the presidency, he was much recovered, being able to see his friends, and to speak a little, though still incoherently, at times. I was too much occupied to see him for some days, but he at last sent for me, and I was to call at his tent on the esplanade next morning. I went accordingly, and on alighting from my palan-keen, was astonished to find no servant in attendance but a little Hindoo boy, while every thing about the tent seemed to be in confusion! 'Where is your master, Sunder?' I said. 'Oh, sahib,' cried the lad in a scream between terror and grief, 'Moxley sahib bhaug-gya.'—'Bhaug-gya! you little fool,' I replied, 'Mr Moxley run away! what do you mean?' The poor boy could do nothing but reiterate his assertion that his master had run away; and as I saw that there was no more to be learned from him, I was leaving the place, when one of my palankeen bearers, who had met an acquaintance at a neighbouring tent, came up and informed me that my friend had actually disappeared that morning, no one could tell how. His servants, on entering his apartment, found his bed deserted, and a quantity of clothes thrown in confusion about the floor; a book which he had been reading the night before, was gone, but his watch was in its usual place, and every thing else undisturbed. I hurried immediately to Dr Lamb, the medical gentleman who had been attending Mr Moxley, and found there his Parsee servant, and one or two of his friends, on the same errand with myself. Dr Lamb was not at home; but, from circumstances mentioned by the Parsee, we were led to conjecture that some relapse of mania had affected Mr Moxley, and that he had escaped from his tent in that state. But where to seek for him? We hurried away in different directions; and, after spending an anxious day, galloping about among the villages and cross roads, I learned at last that some country people had seen a European gentleman, unattended and in disordered dress, that morning on the road to Mahim. I hurried immediately in that direction, thinking that he might have gone to Tanrah, a military station in the island of Salsette. I could not, however, arrive there before midnight; but, just as I had passed the causeway which joins the islands of Bombay and Salsette, I met a native, who told me that a white man had been seen that afternoon going up an opening in the jungle (wild thickets), and he was afraid he would fall a victim to the tigers. I shuddered at the idea, but knew not what to do, as it was now far in the night, and I had with me only one servant, besides being very slightly provided with arms. On inquiry, I found, that, by following a certain track, I should arrive at an Indian village, where assistance of some kind might be procured. The road was one of the most dismal I ever travelled, for it was at this time the season of the rains; and after dark, it came a storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied with such a deluge from the clouds as almost blinded us. I knew no step of the way; and though the road was illuminated at times by gleams of lightning, which showed us a kind of open track through the rocks and brushwood, still we were so much dazzled by the flashes, that the darkness after each appeared tenfold thicker, and more bewildering. I never was more perplexed, and, considering that the life of my poor friend depended on the expedition I should make, I can hardly express my feelings. After travelling in this way for more than two hours, and losing our road

more than once among the trees, a sudden and vivid flash of lightning threw a glare upon every thing about us, and I saw in the momentary light that we had just passed to one side of a row of cottages, and were leaving them. On calling at one of the huts, we found a boy asleep in the corner of a kind of verandah attached to it; we awakened him, and found that the people of the place were Indian-Portuguese, and that we had luckily stumbled upon the house of their Padre, or priest. The boy got a light, and the Padre soon made his appearance; he was a venerable old man, perfectly black, with hair as white as wool. I had some difficulty in explaining to him our object, from my ignorance of Portuguese and Mahrattee, his native languages; and, what you will think strange in an Indian village, I was obliged sometimes to have recourse to Latin, as a tongue which we could use in common. When he comprehended my situation, the old man expressed the greatest sympathy, and said that some of his people would go with us in the morning. 'But can nothing be done now?' I said. 'It is impossible,' replied he; 'the jungle is infested by tigers; and the darkness, besides, is such, that the people could not keep together, even if they knew where to go, or if your poor friend could answer their signals.' I felt that his reasoning was unanswerable, and was obliged to acquiesce. He sent for one or two of his people, to whom he gave directions to be ready early in the morning; and some of them, in the meantime, kindled a fire to dry our wet clothes.

"You may easily imagine the anxiety and impatience with which I waited for morning. As soon as light appeared, the people were dispatched in different directions along the track which we supposed Mr Moxley had taken. The village lay in a small hollow of the woods, from which the surrounding hills were seen at a distance rising in abrupt and barren shelves; the jungle or woodland only running up the slanting ravines in their sides, where there was some depth of soil. The path which Mr Moxley was supposed to have taken led along one of these, and we searched it in every quarter, but in vain. The day was calm, and excessively hot, as is not unfrequent after rain, so that I began to be exhausted and feverish, while anxiety agitated me to a degree I can hardly express. We had yet seen nothing giving the smallest clue to success; and as the natives have a kind of instinctive dread of approaching the beds of gigantic reeds, which are supposed to be the couching places of the tiger, there were many spots which I could not get examined. I was beginning utterly to despair, when one of the people called out, 'A tiger—a tiger!' and he and his comrades made a rush towards some precipitous rocks, which we had been skirting for the last quarter of an hour. I went after them in the same direction; but as I knew they were easily alarmed, and believed that it might be only some chance rustling of the long hard grass which they had heard, I stopped at intervals, being ready to fire in case of any real danger. While I was waiting in this manner, I heard one of the villagers call me in a hurried voice, 'Sahib, sahib, hidhur ao!' (Sir, sir, come here!) On following him round the thicket, I saw two of the people standing before a kind of low opening in the face of the rock, to which the man led me. The place within could hardly be called a cavern, as the day-light glimmered back to its farthest extremity, and I could see a white object lying or sitting on the floor within. Conjecturing (as the men had done) that this must be my friend or his lifeless remains, I rushed into the place, and, to my astonishment, saw Mr Moxley sitting on a ledge of the rock with a book on his knee, apparently reading with perfect composure. When I came quite near, he lifted up his head, and, after looking at me for a moment, said, with a kind of feeble smile, 'Ah, Graham, you are here at last! Why did you not come when I sent for you yesterday?' The strange wandering expression which accompanied these words, showed me too truly the state of his mind; and his pallid ghastly features indicated a weakness, of which he himself seemed totally unconscious.

"I was delayed at the adjutant-general's office," I said; "but I hope you have not been worse?"

"They promised me a furlough, and I dreamed last night that we had set sail; is that true?"

"Only a dream," I said.

"Ah, Graham," he said, again looking up, "what brought you and Miss Fairley to this strange place? The camp was on fire again last night."

"I had by this time put my arm round his shoulder, and he leant on me without an effort to support himself. I sent one of the men in the meantime to the village to procure some means of conveyance from the woods; and while he was gone, I endeavoured to get our patient, who had had no nourishment for two days, to take a little milk and rice bread, which we had brought (the only food to be procured in the village). He looked at it a little, without seeming to comprehend what we wished, and then, with great difficulty, swallowed a few drops of the milk. He seemed to revive a little, and said,

"I should wish to see my father."

"I could not make any answer; and, after a few moments, he continued—

"I am dying, Graham; what will become of them all?"

"He appeared a little collected while he said these words; but raising himself up, as if looking earnestly

at one of the men coming in from the mouth of the cavern, he said,
 "Anne, Anne! I thought Grace Fairley would have come with you."

"In a few minutes he sunk back on the shelving rock; and though he lived for some time, he did not again speak. I carried the remains of my poor friend to the village, on one of the rude couches used by these people, made of four poles laced together with goat ropes; and he was buried next day near the Portuguese village in that wild district."

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

THE SEPTUAGINT AND VULGATE.

It has generally been admitted, that the SEPTUAGINT, which, as has been explained, is so called from the number SEVENTY, or, more properly, SEVENTY-TWO interpreters, who were said to be employed in the formation of it, was the first Greek version of the Old Testament. No mention has been made of any that preceded it, and it cannot be deemed probable that Ptolemy would have taken so much pains to procure a version of the Jewish law, had any other previously existed: and it is equally improbable he should have been unacquainted with it, had it existed at a time when, with the assistance of Demetrius, he was procuring Greek books from every part of the world. It is plainly affirmed by Philo, that before his time the law was not known in any language but the original. The acquaintance with Jewish customs and Jewish history, which many Heathen writers, before the reign of Ptolemy, have manifested, has led many persons to conclude that they must have derived their knowledge from a Greek version of at least parts of the Old Testament. Yet we may account for the knowledge of Jewish customs, &c. which these writers display, without supposing that they obtained it from any Greek version; for we have direct evidence that Aristotle, at least, had intercourse with the Jews, for the purpose of gaining information respecting their law; and as the philosophers were certainly acquainted with the doctrine of the Gymnosophists and of the Druids, who had not any written law, so we may suppose they obtained their knowledge of the Jewish religion from personal intercourse with individuals of that nation.

At first, it is probable, the Law only was translated, for there was no need of the other books in the public worship; no other part of the Scriptures but the Law having been in early times read in the synagogues. But afterwards, when the reading of the Prophets also came into use in the synagogues of Judea, in the time of the persecution under Antiochus Epiphanes, and the Jews of Alexandria, who in those times conformed themselves to the usages of Judea and Jerusalem in all matters of religion, were induced hereby to do the same; this caused a translation of the Prophets also to be there made into the Greek language, in like manner as the Law had been before. After this, other persons translated the rest for the private use of the same people; and so that whole version was completed which we now call the Septuagint; and after it was thus made, it became of common use among all the churches of the Hellenistical Jews, wherever they were dispersed among the Grecian cities.

When the Hebrew language had ceased to be the vulgar tongue, the version of the SEVENTY was read in the synagogues, even in Judea itself. It is true, this was not universally done; there was a sort of division among the Jews about it; some were for having the Scripture read only in Hebrew, and were, therefore, called *Hebreus* or *Hebraizers*; whilst others read it in Greek, and were called *Hellenists*, that is, *Grecians* or *Grecizers*, as has been already observed. As the number of the latter was greater than that of the *Hebreus-Jews*, and the Apostles preached most frequently to them, it is not to be wondered at, as St Jerome observes, that the passages of the Old Testament which are quoted in the New, are sometimes borrowed from thence. It is thus seen that this version preceded the publication of the Gospel; and it has been authorised by the use which the Apostles made of it, as well as the whole church. It seems very evident, however, from various passages, as Parkhurst has remarked, that the writers of the New Testament, in their citations of the Old, did not intend either literally to translate the Hebrew, or to stamp their authority on the SEVENTY translation, but only to refer us to the Original Scriptures.

The Septuagint version was continued in public use among the Jews for more than three hundred years; but as it grew into use among the Christians, it went out of credit with the Jews. In the twelfth year of the Emperor Adrian, A.D. 128, Aquila, a native of Sinope, a city of Pontus, published a new Greek version of the Old Testament. This man, who had been a Christian, and afterwards became a Jew, is supposed to have undertaken this work in opposition to the Christians, not only that the SEVENTY might be superseded, but that a new version might be given of those passages on which they relied most in their controversies with the Jews. The Hellenistical Jews received this version, and afterwards used it every where instead of the Septuagint; and, therefore, this Greek

translation is often made mention of in the Talmud, or Compendium of Jewish Doctrines, but the Septuagint never. The Emperor Justinian published a decree, which is still extant among his institutions, whereby he ordained, that the Jews might read the Scriptures in their synagogues, either in the Greek version of the SEVENTY, or in that of Aquila, or in any other language, according to the country in which they should dwell. But the Jewish doctors having determined against this, their decrees prevailed against that of the emperor, and, within a little while after, both the Septuagint and the version of Aquila was rejected by them; and ever since, the solemn reading of the Scriptures among them, in their public assemblies, has been in the Hebrew and Chaldee languages. "The Chaldee," says Prideaux, "is used in some of their synagogues even to this day, and particularly at Frankfort, in Germany."

Not long after the time of Aquila, there were two other Greek versions of the Old Testament Scriptures made; the first by Theodotion, who lived in the time of Commodus, the Roman emperor, and the other by Symmachus, who flourished a little after him in the reigns of Severus and Caracalla. The former is supposed to have belonged to Ephesus, and fell into the heretical errors of Ebion and Marcion, to which sect Symmachus also belonged, being by birth a Samaritan, and by profession first a Jew, then a Christian, and, lastly, an Ebionite heretic. They both of them undertook the making of their versions with the same design as Aquila did, although not entirely for the same end; for they all three entered on this work for the perverting of the Old Testament Scriptures. Aquila, however, did it for the serving of the interest of the Jewish religion, the other two for promoting the interest of the heretical sect to which they belonged; and all of them wrested the original Scriptures in their versions of them, as much as they could, to make them speak for the different ends which they proposed. From the circumstances, therefore, under which these versions were made, it may be inferred that their authority cannot be very great, though, from the fragments of them which have been collected, we may derive considerable assistance in understanding particular portions of the Old Testament.

In speaking of the ancient versions of the Bible, it must be observed, that there are two in the Syriac language—the Old, which is a translation of the Old Testament from the Hebrew, and the New, which is a translation of the New Testament from the Greek. This last is, beyond contradiction, the most ancient that ever was formed in the Christian church. It is that which the Christians in the east, called *Maronites*, make use of in their worship; and they, as well as the other Syrian Christians, boast very much of its antiquity; for they allege that one portion of it was made by the command of Solomon, for the use of Hiram, king of Tyre, and the other part by the command of Abgarus, king of Edessa. It is certain this version was of considerable antiquity, and was in all likelihood made within the first century after Christ, and had for its author some Christian of the Jewish nation that was thoroughly skilled in both the Hebrew and Syriac languages; and as it is amongst the oldest translations that we have of any part of the Scriptures, so it is the best, without any exception, that has been made of them by the ancients into any language whatsoever. This last character belongs to it in respect of the New Testament, as well as of the Old; and, therefore, of all the ancient versions which are now consulted by Christians for the better understanding of the Holy Scriptures, as well of the New Testament as of the Old, none can better serve this end than this old Syriac version, when carefully consulted and well understood. To this purpose the very nature of the language gives much assistance; for, it having been the mother-tongue of those who wrote the New Testament, and a dialect of that in which the Old was first given, many things of both are more happily expressed in it through this whole version than can well be done in any other language.

The language of princes generally becomes, in time, the common language of their subjects. The conquests of Alexander made the Greek tongue universal; and by the same means the Latin tongue extended itself, with the Roman empire, all over the world; so that, at length, there was scarce a nation where, by the help of this language, you might not make yourself understood.

It is not known who was the author of the first Latin version of the Scriptures; but St Augustine, a celebrated bishop of the Latin church, about A.D. 400, tells us that there soon appeared a great number of them. "We know them who translated the Scriptures into Greek," says he, "and the number of them is not great; but the number of the Latin translators is infinite. When the faith came to be established, the first man who found a Greek copy, notwithstanding the little knowledge he had of the two languages, boldly undertook a translation of it." From another passage of his writings it has been generally concluded, that there was one particular version, called "the Italian," in higher estimation than the rest, and which was the authorised version of the Roman churches. However this may be, it is certain the Latin church was in want of a version of the Scriptures formed directly from the Hebrew, as all the Latin translations in existence at that time had been taken from the SEVENTY. St Jerome,

who was contemporary with St Augustine, was in every respect best suited, of any of the learned men of that time, to the task of making a new translation, which he accordingly undertook. He began by correcting some books of the Old Testament in the Latin Bible, particularly the version of the Psalms, and marked those passages wherein any difference existed between the Latin version, the Greek of the SEVENTY, and the Hebrew original. He had early applied himself to the study of the Hebrew language, and at different periods had the assistance of five Jewish teachers; he had access also to the works of Origen, who published what is called the *Hexapla*, that is, the Bible in six different languages. From these he must have derived considerable assistance in the work he undertook—that of translating into Latin all the books of the Old Testament, to which he added a corrected edition of the common version of the New.

This work of St Jerome is still used in the Roman Catholic church, and is known by the name of the *Vulgate*; for which some have gone so far as to claim the authority and infallibility of an inspired production. At first, however, his version was not generally received; for although many were pleased with it, because it was more consonant to the original, and a more literal translation than that of the SEVENTY; yet others, and among the rest Augustine, considered it a rash attempt, and calculated to diminish the authority of the Greek version. It was approved of by the Jews as conformable to their text, and was received into the church gradually and by tacit consent, rather than by the sanction of public authority.

Nevertheless, the *Vulgate* which we have at present, and which the celebrated Council of Trent declared to be authentic, is not the pure version of St Jerome; it has in it a great deal of the ancient *Italian*; but it cannot now be discovered by whom, or at what time, this mixture was made. Some think that St Jerome has no part at all in the present *Vulgate*; and it is certain that the *Psalms* in it are not his. Nevertheless, the Latin version comes nearer to the Hebrew and is more perspicuous, than the *Septuagint*. Since the time of the Council of Trent, namely, in 1589 and 1592, corrected editions of the *Vulgate* have been published under the authority of the Popes Sixtus the Fifth and Clement the Eighth.

DEER HUNTING IN AMERICA.

[BY AUDUBON.]

THE different modes of destroying deer are probably too well understood and too successfully practised in the United States; for, notwithstanding the almost incredible abundance of these beautiful animals in our forests and prairies, such havoc is carried on amongst them, that, in a few centuries, they will probably be as scarce in America as the great bustard now is in Britain.

We have three modes of hunting deer, each varying in some slight degree, in the different states and districts. The first is termed *still hunting*, and is by far the most destructive. The second is called *fire-light hunting*, and is next in its exterminating effects. The third, which may be looked upon as a mere amusement, is named *driving*. Although many deer are destroyed by this latter method, it is not by any means so pernicious as the others. These methods I shall describe separately.

Still Hunting is followed as a kind of trade by most of our frontier men. To be practised with success, it requires great activity, an expert management of the rifle, and a thorough knowledge of the forest, together with an intimate acquaintance with the habits of the deer, not only at different seasons of the year, but also at every hour of the day, as the hunter must be aware of the situations which the game prefers, and in which it is most likely to be found, at any particular time.

Illustrations of any kind require to be presented in the best possible light. We shall therefore suppose that we are now about to follow the *true hunter*, as the still hunter is also called, through the interior of the tangled woods, across morasses, ravines, and such places, where the game may prove more or less plentiful, even should none be found there in the first instance. We shall allow our hunter all the agility, patience, and care, which his occupation requires, and will march in his rear, as if we were spies, watching all his motions.

His dress, you observe, consists of a leather hunting-shirt, and a pair of trousers of the same material. His feet are well moccasined; he wears a belt round his waist; his heavy rifle is resting on his brawny shoulder; on one side hangs his ball-pouch, surmounted by the horn of an ancient buffalo, once the terror of the herd, but now containing a pound of the best gunpowder; his butcher knife is scabbarded in the same scrap; and behind is a tomahawk, the handle of which has been thrust through his girdle. He walks with so rapid a step, that probably few men, besides ourselves, that is, myself and my kind reader, could follow him, unless for a short distance, in their anxiety to witness his ruthless deeds. He stops, looks at the flint of his gun, its priming, and the leather cover of the lock, then glances his eye towards the sky, to judge of the course most likely to lead him to the game.

The heavens are clear, the red glare of the morning sun gleams through the lower branches of the lofty trees, the dew hangs in pearly drops at the top of every

leaf. Already has the emerald hue of the foliage been converted into the more glowing tints of our autumnal months. A slight frost appears on the fence-rails of his little corn-field. As he proceeds, he looks to the dead foliage under his feet, in search of the well-known traces of a buck's hoof. Now he bends toward the ground, on which something has attracted his attention. See! he alters his course, increases his speed, and will soon reach the opposite hill. Now he moves with caution, stops at almost every tree, and peeps forward, as if already within shooting distance of the game. He advances again, but how very slowly! He has reached the declivity, upon which the sun shines in all its growing splendour; but mark him! he takes the gun from his shoulder, has already thrown aside the leathern cover of the lock, and is wiping the edge of his flint with his tongue. Now he stands like a monumental figure, perhaps measuring the distance that lies between him and the game which he has in view. His rifle is slowly raised, the report follows, and he runs. Let us run also. Shall I speak to him, and ask him the result of this first essay? Assuredly, reader, for I know him well.

"Pray, friend, what have you killed?" for to say, "what have you shot at?" might imply the possibility of his having missed, and so might hurt his feelings? "Nothing but a buck." "And where is it?" "Oh, it has taken a jump or so, but I settled it, and will soon be with it. My ball struck, and must have gone through his heart." We arrive at the spot, where the animal had laid itself down among the grass in a thicket of grape-vines, sumachs, and spruce-bushes, where it intended to repose during the middle of the day. The place is covered with blood, the hoofs of the deer have left deep prints in the ground, as it bounced in the agonies produced by its wound; but the blood that has gushed from its side discloses the course which it has taken. We soon reach the spot. There lies the buck, its tongue out, its eye dim, its breath exhausted: it is dead. The hunter draws his knife, cuts the buck's throat almost asunder, and prepares to skin it. For this purpose he hangs it upon the branch of a tree. When the skin is removed, he cuts off the hams, and abandoning the rest of the carcase to the wolves and vultures, reloads his gun, flings the venison, enclosed by the skin, upon his back, secures it with a strap, and walks off in search of more game, well knowing that, in the immediate neighbourhood, another at least is to be found.

Had the weather been warmer, the hunter would have sought for the buck along the *shadowy* side of the hills. Had it been the spring season, he would have led us through some thick cane-brake, to the margin of some remote lake, where you would have seen the deer, immersed in his head in the water, to save his body from the tormenting attacks of mosquitoes. Had winter overspread the earth with a covering of snow, he would have searched the low damp woods, where the mosses and lichens, on which at that period the deer feeds, abound, the trees being generally crusted with them for several feet from the ground. At one time he might have marked the places where the deer clears the velvet from his horns by rubbing them against the low stems of bushes, and where he frequently scrapes the earth with his fore-hoofs; at another, he would have betaken himself to places where persimons and crab-apples abound, as beneath these trees the deer frequently stops to munch their fruits. During early spring, our hunter would imitate the bleating of the doe, and thus frequently obtain both her and the fawn; or, like some tribes of Indians, he would prepare a deer's head, placed on a stick, and creeping with it amongst the tall grass of the prairies, would decoy the deer within reach of his rifle. But, kind reader, you have seen enough of the *still hunter*. Let it suffice for me to add, that by the mode pursued by him, thousands of deer are annually killed, many individuals shooting these animals merely for the skin, not caring for even the most valuable portions of the flesh, unless hunger, or a near market, induce them to carry off the hams.

The mode of destroying deer by *fire-light*, or, as it is named in some parts of the country, *forest-light*, never fails to produce a very singular feeling in him who witnesses it for the first time. There is something in it which at times appears awfully grand. At other times, a certain degree of fear creeps over the mind, and even affects the physical powers, of him who follows the hunter through the thick undergrowth of our woods, having to leap his horse over hundreds of huge fallen trunks, at one time impeded by a straggling grape-vine crossing his path, at another squeezed between two stubborn saplings, whilst their twigs come smack in his face, as his companion has forced his way through them. Again, he every now and then runs the risk of breaking his neck, by being suddenly pitched headlong on the ground, as his horse sinks into a hole covered over with moss. But I must proceed in a more regular manner, and leave you, kind reader, to judge whether such a mode of hunting would suit your taste or not.

The hunter has returned to his camp or his house, has rested and eaten of his game. He waits impatiently for the return of night. He has procured a quantity of pine-knots filled with resinous matter, and has an old frying-pan, that, for aught I know to the contrary, may have been used by his great grandmother, in which the pine-knots are to be placed when lighted. The horses stand saddled at the door. The hunter comes forth. His rifle slung on his shoulder

and springs upon one of them, while his son, or a servant, mounts the other, with the frying-pan and the pine-knots. Thus accoutred, they proceed towards the interior of the forest. When they have arrived at the spot where the hunt is to begin, they strike fire with a flint and steel, and kindle the resinous wood. The person who carries the fire moves in the direction judged to be the best. The blaze illuminates the near objects, but the distant parts seem involved in deepest obscurity. The hunter who bears the gun keeps immediately in front, and after a while discovers before him two feeble lights, which are produced by the reflection of the pine-fire from the eyes of an animal of the deer or wolf kind. The animal stands quite still. To one unacquainted with this strange mode of hunting, the glare from its eyes might bring to his imagination some lost hobgoblin that had strayed from its usual haunts. The hunter, however, nowise intimidated, approaches the object, sometimes so near as to discern its form, when raising the rifle to his shoulder, he fires and kills it on the spot. He then dismounts, secures the skin and such portions of the flesh as he may want, in the manner already described, and continues his search through the greater part of the night, sometimes until the dawn of day, shooting from five to ten deer, should these animals be plentiful. This kind of hunting proves fatal, not to the deer alone, but also sometimes to wolves, and now and then to a horse or a cow, which may have straggled far into the woods.

Now, kind reader, prepare to mount a generous full blood Virginian hunter. See that your gun is in complete order, for, hark to the sound of the bugle and horn, and the mingled clamour of a pack of harriers! Your friends are waiting you, under the shade of the wood, and we must together go driving the light-footed deer. The distance over which one has to travel is seldom felt, when pleasure is anticipated as the result: so, galloping we go pell-mell through the woods, to some well known place, where many a fine buck has drooped its antlers under the ball of the hunter's rifle. The servants, who are called the *drivers*, have already begun their search. Their voices are heard exciting the hounds, and unless we put spurs to our steeds, we may be too late at our stand, and thus lose the first opportunity of shooting the fleeting game, as it passes by. Hark again! The dogs are in chase, the horn sounds louder and more clearly. Hurry, hurry on, or we shall be sadly behind!

Here we are at last! Dismount, fasten your horse to this tree, place yourself by the side of that large yellow poplar, and mind you do not shoot me! The deer is fast approaching. I will to my own stand, and he who shoots him dead wins the prize.

The deer is heard coming. It has inadvertently cracked a dead stick with its hoof, and the dogs are now so near it that it will pass in a moment. There it comes! How beautifully it bounds over the ground! What a splendid head of horns! How easy its attitudes, depending, as it seems to do, on its own swiftness for safety! All is in vain, however: a gun is fired, the animal plunges and doubles with incomparable speed. There he goes! He passes another stand, from which a second shot, better directed than the first, brings him to the ground. The dogs, the servants, the sportsmen, are now rushing forward to the spot. The hunter who has shot it is congratulated on his skill or good luck, and the chase begins again in some other part of the woods.

A few lines of explanation may be required to convey a clear idea of this mode of hunting. Deer are fond of following and retracing the paths which they have formerly pursued, and continue to do so even after they have been shot at more than once. These tracks are discovered by persons on horseback in the woods, or a deer is observed crossing a road, a field, or a small stream. When this has been noticed twice, the deer may be shot from the places called *stands* by the sportsman, who is stationed there, and waits for it, a line of stands being generally formed so as to cross the path which the game will follow. The person who ascertains the usual pass of the game, or discovers the parts where the animal feeds or lies down during the day, gives intimation to his friends, who then prepare for the chase. The servants start the deer with the hounds, and, by good management, generally succeed in making it run the course that will soonest bring it to its death. But, should the deer be cautious, and take another course, the hunters, mounted on swift horses, gallop through the woods to intercept it, guided by the sound of the horns and the cry of the dogs, and frequently succeed in shooting it. This sport is extremely agreeable, and proves successful on almost every occasion.—From Audubon's *American Ornithology*.

APRIL.

On April, in old calendars, is drawn
A gallant hawk pacing on a lawn,
Holding a bell'd and hooded fowl of prey,
Ready to loose him in the airy way.
For daily now descends the solar beam,
And the warm earth seems in a waking dream;
Insects creep out, leaves burst, and flowers rise,
And birds enchant the woods, and wing the skies;
Each sentient being a new sense receives,
And eloquently looks, to each, it lives.

APRIL, whose name is derived from a Latin word, signifying to open, is celebrated by writers as one of

the most delightful months in the year. "April," says the author of the *Mirror of the Months*, "is spring—the only spring month that we possess—the most juvenile of the months, and the most feminine—the sweetest month of all the year; partly because it ushers in the May, and partly for its own sake, so far as any thing can be valuable without reference to any thing else. It is to May and June what 'sweet fifteen,' in the age of woman, is to passion-stricken eighteen, and perfect two-and-twenty. It is worth two Mays, because it tells tales of May in every sigh that it breathes, and every tear that it lets fall. It is the harbinger, the herald, the promise, the prophecy, the foretaste of all the beauties that are to follow it—of all, and more—of all the delights of summer, and all the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance' of glorious autumn. It is fraught with beauties that no other month can bring before us, and

* It bears a glass which shows us many more.*

Its life is one sweet alternation of smiles and sighs and tears, and tears and sighs and smiles, till it is consummated at last in the open laughter of May."

By the same writer we are directed to observe, "what a sweet flush of new green has started up to the face of this meadow! and the new-born daisies that stud it here and there, give it the look of an emerald sky, powdered with snowy stars. In making our way to yonder hedgerow, which divides the meadow from the little copse that lines one side of it, let us not take the shortest way, but keep religiously to the little footpath; for the young grass is as yet too tender to bear being trod upon; and the young lambs themselves, while they go cropping its crisp points, let the sweet daisies alone, as if they loved to look upon a sight as pretty and as innocent as themselves." It is further remarked that "the great charm of this month, both in the open country and the garden, is undoubtedly the infinite green which pervades it every where, and which we had best gaze our fill at while we may, as it lasts but a little while—changing in a few weeks into an endless variety of shades and tints, that are equivalent to as many different colours. It is this, and the budding forth of every living member of the vegetable world, after its long winter death, that, in fact, constitutes the *spring*; and the sight of which affects us in the manner it does, from various causes—chiefly moral and associated ones; but one of which is unquestionably physical: I mean the sight of so much tender green after the eye has been condemned to look for months and months on the mere negation of all colour, which prevails in winter in our climate. The eye feels cheered, cherished, and regaled by this colour, as the tongue does by a quick and pleasant taste, after having long palated nothing but tasteless and insipid things. This is the principal charm of spring, no doubt. But another, and one that is scarcely second to this, is the bright flush of blossoms that prevails over, and almost hides, every thing else in the fruit-garden and orchard. What exquisite differences and distinctions and resemblances there are between all the various blossoms of the fruit trees; and no less in their general effect than in their separate details. The almond-blossom, which comes first of all and while the tree is quite bare of leaves, is of a bright blush-rose colour; and when they are fully blown, the tree, if it has been kept to a compact head instead of being permitted to straggle, looks like one huge rose, magnified by some fairy magic to deck the bosom of some fair giantess. The various kinds of plum follow, the blossoms of which are snow-white, and as full and clustering as those of the almond. The peach and nectarine, which are now full blown, are unlike either of the above; and their sweet effect, as if growing out of the hard bare wall, or the rough wooden paling, is peculiarly pretty. They are of a deep blush colour, and of a delicate bell shape; the lips, however, divided, and turning backward, to expose the interior to the cherishing sun. But perhaps the bloom that is richest and most promising in its general appearance, is that of the cherry, clasping its white hours all round the long straight branches, from heel to point, and not letting a leaf or a bit of stem be seen, except the three or four leaves that come as a green finish at the extremity of each branch. The other blossoms of the pears and (loveliest of all) the apples do not come in perfection till next month."

No communications in verse or prose are wanted. All anonymous or unpaid letters are regularly returned to the Post Office without any attention to their contents.

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